

Nepacatica

(Nahuatl: In the future)

I walk backwards
I have since birth
I fear what's behind

I never stood how I wanted to
I wasn't allowed
I didn't let myself

I am an almost old man
I hunch, heavy I stand
The train never came

I see before me
The past, dressed in comfort
With a smile and melancholy eyes

She comes toward me
Tears start to form in my throat
Don't know why

She speaks
The sound of tigers, men and insects
Inhale every scent

A light kiss on the cheek
Salty the taste
Of memory

She said to listen
And shut my eyes
She leaves

I do, I listen
And from behind
The wind
I never noticed

Tigers, men an insects.